

QUIET
RESTING
PLACES

I expect to pass
through this world but
once. Any good there-
fore that I can do,
or any kindness that
I can show to any ""
fellow creature, let
me do it now. Let
me not defer or
neglect it for I ...
shall not pass this
way again.

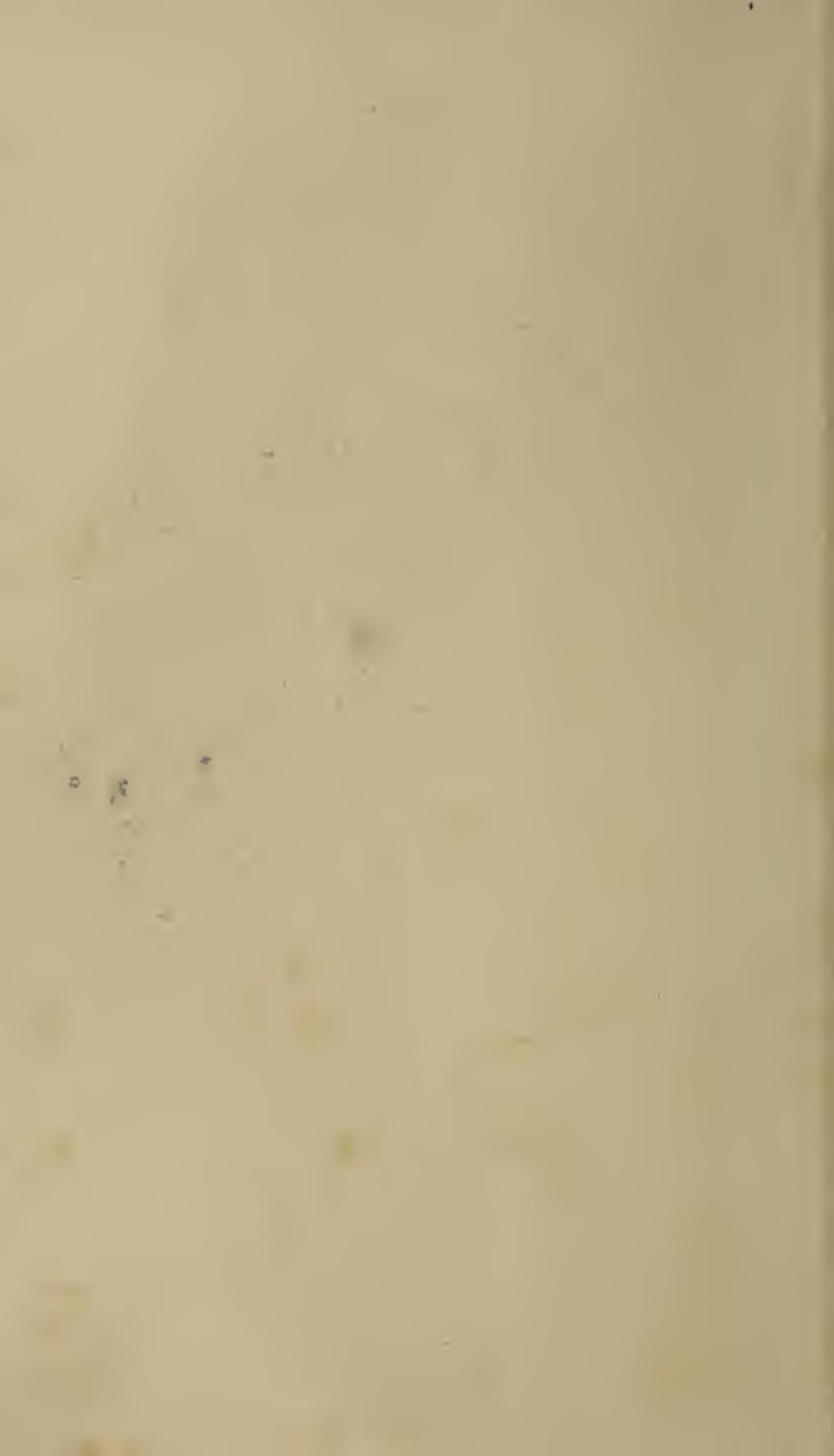
Stephen Grellet





QUIET RESTING
PLACES







QUIET RESTING PLACES

Selected by
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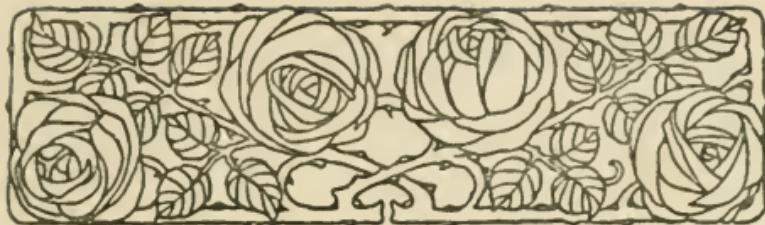
Foreword

Let your rest be perfect in its season, like the rest of waters that are still. If you will have a model for your living, take neither the stars, for they fly without ceasing, nor the ocean that ebbs and flows, nor the river that cannot stay, but rather let your life be like that of the summer air, which has times of noble energy, and times of perfect peace.

P. G. HAMERTON.

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To Gladden Life's Way



Suppose that a man, like a mastiff at the door of righteousness, is forever growling at injustice. He will be respected for his fidelity to justice, but loved he cannot be. No one likes to take a storm home to his bosom, or feels gladness when the lightning is playing before his eyes.

T. D. WOOLSEY.



Divinity hath surely touched my heart;
I have possessed more Joy than earth can lend.

BRIDGES.



Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts!

R. BROWNING.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

I do not wonder at what men suffer in this world, but I wonder often at what they lose. We may see how good rises out of pain and evil; but the dead, naked, eyeless loss,—what good comes of that?

J. RUSKIN.

«

He glows above
With scarce an intervention, presses
close
And palpitatingly, his soul o'er ours:
We feel him, not by painful reason
know!

R. BROWNING.

«

Believe me, then, the only right principle of action here is to consider good and evil as defined by our natural sense of both; and to strive to promote the one and to conquer the other with as hearty endeavour as if there were, indeed, no other world but this. Above all, get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing its laws to take their course in punishing small ones.

J. RUSKIN.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

In your quiet homes reflect that your peace was not won for you by your own hands, maybe, but by theirs who jeopardized their lives for you; and remember that neither this inherited peace nor any other can be kept but by equal jeopardy.

J. RUSKIN.



THE MEASURE OF THE MIND

The mind of man is this world's true dimension;
And knowledge is the measure of the mind;
And as the mind, in her cast comprehension,
Contains more worlds than all the world can find,
So knowledge doth itself far more extend,
Than all the minds of man can comprehend.

LORD BROOKE.



If every year we would root out one vice we should sooner become perfect men.

THOMAS à KEMPIS.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Let your rest be perfect in its season,
like the rest of waters that are still.
If you will have a model for your
living, take neither the stars, for they
fly without ceasing, nor the ocean that
ebbs and flows, nor the river that
cannot stay, but rather let your life
be like that of the summer air, which
has times of noble energy and times
of perfect peace.

P. G. HAMERTON.



And earth below, they best can serve
true gladness
Who meet most feelingly the calls of
sadness.

W. WORDSWORTH.



This is a spurious goodness which is
good for the sake of reward. The
child that speaks truth for the sake
of the praise of truth, is not truthful.
The man who is honest because
honesty is the best policy, has not
integrity in his heart. He who en-
deavours to be humble, and holy, and
perfect, in order to win heaven, has
only a counterfeit religion.

F. W. ROBERTSON,

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

You can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure; and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet.

J. RUSKIN.



Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerily seek how to redress their
harms.

What though the mast be now blown
overboard,

The cable broke, the holding anchor
lost,

And half our sailors swallowed in the
flood—

Yet lives our Pilot still.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



The question is, What do you more
than others? Where is your extra? In
what do you surpass other people?
The world is not quarrelling with
Christianity as a revelation of ideas,
or as an organisation created for work,
but with the low morality of Chris-
tian people.

J. CLIFFORD.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Keep thyself, then, simple, pure, serious, free from affectation, a friend of justice, a worshipper of the gods, kind, affectionate, strenuous in all proper acts. Short is life. There is only one fruit of this terrene life—a pious disposition and social acts.

M. AURELIUS.



Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove;
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!
Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing;
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!

C. SWAIN.



The way to argue down a vice is, not to tell lies about it—to say that it has no attractions, when everybody knows that it has—but rather to let it make out its case, just as it certainly will in the moment of temptation, and then meet it with the weapons furnished by the Divine armoury.

O. W. HOLMES.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.

M. AURELIUS.



Life without a plan,
As useless as the moment it began,
Serves merely as a soil for discontent
To thrive in; an incumbrance ere
half-spent.

W. COWPER.



The most unhappy man or woman on earth is the one who rises in the morning with nothing to do and wonders how he will pass off the day.

L. M. SHAW.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Try for yourselves what you can read in half an hour. Then multiply the half-hour by three hundred and sixty-five, and consider what treasures you might have laid by at the end of the year; and what happiness, fortitude, and wisdom they would have given you for a lifetime.

J. MORLEY.

LOVE'S HARVEST-TIME

Love's holy flame for ever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven
returneth,

Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest.

It here is tired and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.

T. SOUTHEY.

“Bring the Book,” said Sir Walter Scott, when dying. “What book?” asked his friend. “There is only ONE Book—the Bible,” replied the dying man.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

It is not the number of books you read; nor the variety of sermons which you hear; nor the amount of religious conversation in which you mix: but it is the frequency and the earnestness with which you meditate on these things, till the truth which may be in them becomes your own, and part of your own being, that ensures your spiritual growth.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



To be rich, be diligent; move on
Like Heaven's great movers that
enrich the earth
Whose moment's sloth would show
the world undone,
And make the Spring straight bury
all her birth.
Rich are the diligent who can com-
mand
Time—Nature's stock.

DAVENANT.



The world has no sympathy with any but positive griefs. It will pity you for what you lose, never for what you lack.

MADAME SWETCHINE.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

A mind which withstands all the powers of the outward universe, all the pains which fire and sword and storm can inflict, rather than swerve from uprightness, is nobler than the universe.

W. E. CHANNING.



If tears and groans could make things right,
If worry could kill care;
If moping filled the dark with light,
And make the black day fair;
Then weeping would be quite the thing,
And groaning would be fine;
And moping, mixed with worrying,
'Twere useful to combine.

J. K. BANGS.



THE POWER OF WORDS

God preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp words; there are words whose sting can remain through a whole life!

M. HOWITT.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valour of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

R. W. EMERSON.



The soldier armed with sword and gun
Palsied strikes the summer's sun;
When gold and gems adorn the plough,
To peaceful arts shall envy blow;
The beggar's rags fluttering in air
Do to rags the heavens tear.

W. BLAKE.



THE IRON OF PRIDE

Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that hath been tried?

No:—let the eagle change her plume,
The leaf its hue, the flow'r its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun,
That could not, would not, be undone!

CAMPBELL.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

The best way in the world for a man
to seem to be anything is really to be
what he would seem to be. . . . All
other arts will fail, but truth and integ-
rity will carry a man through, and
bear him out to the last.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.



Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

J. G. WHITTIER.



Youth dreams a bliss on this side
death;
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
More grateful than this marble
sleep;
It hears a voice within it tell:
Calm's not life's crown, though calm
is well.

M. ARNOLD.



Every duty we omit obscures some
truth we should have known.

J. RUSKIN.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

No friendship is worth the same
unless it does the highest good, assisting
us to escape from the manifold
forms of selfishness, and to look at
duty with fresh impulse.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



Justice must be from violence exempt;
But fraud's her only object contempt:
Fraud in the fox, force in the lion
dwells;
But justice both from human hearts
expels;
But he's the greatest monster, without
doubt,
Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.

SIR J. DENHAM.



A RULE FOR CONVERSATION

It is a secret known to but few, yet
of no small use in the conduct of life,
that when you fall into a man's con-
versation, the first thing you should
consider is, whether he has a greater
inclination to hear you, or that you
should hear him.

G. A. STEELE.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Promises were the ready money that was first coined and made current by the law of Nature, to support that society and commerce that was necessary for the comfort and security of mankind.

LORD CLARENDON.



The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others, lives
unblessed.

J. HOME.



For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns
to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of
the tool's true play.

R. BROWNING.



At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ from other people, but in what we agree with them.

J. RUSKIN.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

What a rare gift, by the by, is that of manners! how difficult to define, how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them than wealth, beauty, or talents; they will more than supply all.

B. LYTTON.



The chamber where the good man
meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common
walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of
Heaven.

YOUNG.



THE CHARM OF CONVERSATION

The power to converse well is a very great charm. You think anybody can talk? How mistaken you are. Anybody can chatter. Anybody can exchange idle gossip. . . . But to talk wisely, instructively, freshly, and delightfully, is an immense accomplishment. It implies exertion, observation, study of books and people, and receptivity of impression.

J. RUSKIN.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

A man's time, when well husbanded,
is like a cultivated field, of which a
few acres produce more of what is
useful to life than extensive provinces,
even of the richest soil, when over-
run with weeds and brambles.

D. HUME.



Work while life is given;
Faint not, although 'tis hard;
Work is the will of Heaven,
And peace is the reward!
All work is holy.
· · · · ·

Scorn nought as plain or mean;
All with thy work impress,
That all where thou hast been
May day by day confess
That work is holy.



Many mean things are done in the family, for which moods are put forward as the excuse, when the moods themselves are the most inexcusable things of all. A man or woman in tolerable health has no moral right to indulge in an unpleasant mood.

J. G. HOLLAND.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness, shall follow it whithersoever that shall go, and are of their nature divine and immortal.

W. M. THACKERAY.



Words are like leaves: when they
most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely
found.

A. POPE.



All are not just because they do no
wrong;
But he who will not wrong me when
he may,
He is the truly just.

R. CUMBERLAND.



Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticism you pass upon his companions. Relations, like features, are thrust upon us; companions, like clothes, are more or less our own selection.

G. HAMILTON.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Still in the deepest knowledge
 Some depth is left unknown:
Still in the merriest music lurks
 A plaintive undertone:
Still with the closest friend some throb
 Of life is felt alone.

C. ROSSETTI.



HOME—THE PLACE OF CONFIDENCE

Home is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness and without any dread of ridicule.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast.

R. BROWNING.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

As it is essential to true friendship both to advise and to be advised, and that the one should act courteously, not harshly, and the other receive the advice patiently, not with repugnance: so we must hold that there is no greater plague in friendships than flattery, fawning, and adulation. For this vice of weak and deceitful men, who say everything to humour, nothing with regard to truth, must be branded with as many epithets as possible. But while a pretence in everything is bad (for it destroys the perception of the truth, and adulterates it), it is especially antagonistic to friendship. For it destroys truth, without which the name of friendship can have no meaning.

CICERO.



Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain,
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon
turns
Wisdom to folly.

J. MILTON.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

This world is simply the threshold of our vast life; the first stepping-stone from nonentity into the boundless expanse of possibility. It is the infant-school of the soul.

T. S. KING.



WANTED: DEEDS

Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not love of scent and creeds.
Wanted: Deeds.

D. MACGREGOR.



And where art thou going, soul of mine?

Canst see the end?
And whither this troubled life of thine
Evermore doth tend?

J. G. WHITTIER.



Faith never goes home with an empty basket.

E. P. BROWN.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

One has only to grow old to become less critical. I see no error made which I might not have committed myself.

GOETHE.

◆◆

THE AIM DEFEATED

Oh, blest is he who has some aim defeated;
Some mighty loss to balance all his gain.
For him there is a hope not yet completed;
For him hath life yet draughts of joy and pain.
But cursed is he who has no balked ambition,
No hopeless hope, no loss beyond repair;
But sick and sated with complete fruition,
Keeps not the pleasure even of despair.

E. W. WILCOX.

◆◆

Life means battle, and behind it victory beckons us on.

DR. NANSEN.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Any material thing, clung unto as a possession, corrupteth the soul. With all things must we deal quickly, while we are in the way with them, else, instead of helps, they become our adversaries which, loitered with, cast us into prison.

H. M. ALDEN.



Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean;
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
Through every various scene.

M. AKENSIDE.



A BARREN HARVEST

The man who seeks one thing in life,
and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be
done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever
he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which
around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets.

O. MEREDITH.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

One by one thy griefs shall meet
thee,—

Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade, as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,—
Every day begin again.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

A. A. PROCTOR.



Old things need not be therefore true,
O, brother men! nor yet the new;
Ah, still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again.

We! what do we see? each a space
Of some few yards before his face;
Does that the whole wide plain ex-
plain?

Ah! yet consider it again.

A. H. CLOUGH.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Life is a daily journey for daily bread
and breath, for body's life—since that
scorned rebel will live at all costs—
for soul's breath, which is the faint
though deathless faith in the stronger
life to which the freed one has
attained, and which every day's travel-
ling brings a little nearer to the
enduring patience of the one left.

MRS. H. FRASER.



He who intermits
The appointed task and duties of the
day
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the
day;
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow, when purposes are lightly
changed.

W. WORDSWORTH.



DAILY RULES

Believe not all you hear, nor speak
all you know; and as you should be
very cautious in believing any ill of
your neighbours, so you should be
much more cautious in repeating it.

P. B. SHELLEY.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Time cures every wound, and though the scar may remain, and occasionally ache, yet the earliest agony of its recent affliction is felt no more.

W. SCOTT.



Light is our sorrow, for it ends to-morrow,

Light is our death which cannot hold us fast;

So brief a sorrow can be scarcely sorrow,

Or death be death so quickly past.

One night, no more, of pain that turns to pleasure,

One night, no more, of weeping, weeping sore;

And then the heaped-up measure beyond measure,

In quietness for evermore.

Our sails are set to cross the tossing river,

Our face is set to reach Jerusalem;

We toil awhile, but then we rest for ever,

Sing with all saints and rest above with them.

C. ROSSETTI.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Learning makes the young temperate,
is the comfort of age; standing for
wealth with poverty, and serving as
an ornament to riches.

CICERO.

◆◆

Words, and words truth, and truth
boldness. She whose
Honest freeness makes it her virtue to
Speak what she thinks will make it
her necessity
To think what is good.

P. MARSTON.

◆◆

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

Salt of the earth, ye virtuous few,
Who season human kind;
Light of the world, whose cheering
ray
Illumes the realms of mind:
Where Misery spreads her deepest
shade,
Your strong compassion glows:
From your blessed lips the balm
distils,
That softens mortal woes.

A. L. BARBAULD.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Happy the man, the tide of whose
passions, like that of the great ocean,
is regulated by a light from above.

ANON.



When wealth is lost,
Nothing is lost;
When health is lost,
Something is lost;
When character is lost,
All is lost.



LIVING WELL

He liveth long who liveth well,
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.
Waste not thy being, back to Him
Who freely gave it freely give;
Else is thy being but a dream,
'Tis but to be and not to live.

ANON.



Duty is co-extensive with the action of
our intelligence.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Those who departed loving you, love you still; and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true—they are only gone into the next room, and you will presently get up and follow them.

W. M. THACKERAY.



Oh, then if gleams of truth and light
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
Unfolding to thy mental sight
The wants of human-kind;
If, brooding over human grief,
The earnest wish is known
To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not thine own. . . .
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low . . .
Noiseless as dew fell, heed it well,
Thy Father's call of love.

J. G. WHITTIER.



HIGH HEARTS

High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of care, and start on some fresh march of faithful service.

J. MARTINEAU.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. Treat men as pawns and nine-pins, and you will suffer as well as they.

R. W. EMERSON.



A noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed.

W. WORDSWORTH.



Be not amazed at life. 'Tis still
The mode of God with His elect,
Their hopes exactly to fulfil,
In times and ways they least expect.

DEAN ALFORD.



LIFE'S SACREDNESS

It is a sad weakness in us—that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us, as if life were not sacred too—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fall in love and reverence to our brother who has had to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.

G. ELIOT.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

He who has no mind to trade with the devil should be so wise as to keep from his shop.

SOUTH.



The past is our sanctuary,
The present is our opportunity,
The future is our hope.



If thou follow but thy star,
Thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven.

DANTE.



SYMPATHY

It is by this passion we enter into the concerns of others, that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost anything which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in many respects, as he is affected.

T. BURKE.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

How counterfeit a coin they are, who
friends
Bear in their superscription . . .
. . . In prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw
their head,
Not to be found though sought.

J. R. MILLER.



THE DAYS SHALL SPEAK

“Days shall speak.” What do they
say? Listen—Yesterday, “learn of
me;” To-day, “use me;” To-mor-
row, “leave me alone.”

REV. A. J. PALMER.



The brave man is not he who feels
no fear,
But he whose noble soul its fear sub-
dues,
And bravely dares the dangers nature
shrinks from.

J. BAILLIE.



You can't always tell what a man has
done for God by what you see on his
tombstone.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Mark thyself well in the hour of temptation, for then it is that the vices will appear which before lay covered and unknown.

R. BAXTER.



YOU NEVER CAN TELL

You never can tell when you do an act

Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,

Though its harvest you may not see.

Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;

Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow,

And shelter the brows that toil.

ANON.



Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread,
The best of thoughts which he hath known

For lack of listeners are not said.

SHELLEY.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues and one eye, for many talk the most who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon everything who have seen into nothing.

ANON.



One kindly deed may turn
The fountain of thy soul
To love's sweet day-star, that shall
o'er thee burn,
Long as its currents roll!

O. W. HOLMES.



DIVINE SERVICE

We say "Divine Service will be 'performed' (that is our word—the form of it gone through) at so and so o'clock." Alas, unless we perform Divine Service in every willing act of life, we never perform it at all.

J. RUSKIN,

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

The courage by which love, like honour, starts to the post of noble danger and maintains it, till by such fidelity it becomes a place of danger no more.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



THE POWER OF TINY THINGS

The memory of a kindly word
 For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
 Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
 Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
 The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak,
 But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
 From God's own word—
Such tiny things we hardly count
 As ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown
 Scant sympathy.
But when the heart is overwrought,
 Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
 To make it well!

FROM PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand labour, there is something of divineness.

T. CARLYLE.



'Tis everybody's business,
In this dark world of ours,
To root up all the weeds we find
And make room for the flowers.

E. W. WILCOX.



Capital is not what a man has, but what he is. Character is capital; honour is capital.

DR. MACDUFF.



You cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge yourself one.

J. A. FROUDE.



FEARFULNESS

The things that never happen are often as much realities to us in their effects as those that are accomplished.

C. DICKENS.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

There is more courage in living to sustain misfortune than in shifting out of it by suicide; resolute minds persist to hope in spite of fortune; fear adds to the despair of the pusillanimous.

TACITUS.



GO UP

The valleys are always crowded,
And we are jostled about;
These low plains teem with hard questions,
For the atmosphere is doubt.
Go up where the truth is beaming
With abounding life and light—
Why stumble in the valley?
All's clear on the mountain height.

O. G. B.



As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.

J. BENTHAM,

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Surely it is not true blessedness to be free from sorrow, while there is sorrow and sin in the world; sorrow is then a part of love, and love does not seek to throw it off.

G. ELIOT.



MY WORK

To spread hope where I can,
To give joy where I may;
To strive to be a man
Who shall be missed some day.

To do my best and know
That, if my best must be
But little, the world's woe
Is not increased by me.

S. E. KISER.



He is happiest, be he king or peasant,
who finds peace in his own home.

GOETHE.



Love is the only possession of which
the more one gives the less thereof
he parts with.

I. PANIN,

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Simplicity of manner is the last attainment. Folks are very long afraid of being natural from a fear of being taken for ordinary.

JEFFREY.



A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than the mountain stream.

S. BROOKE.



PESSIMISM

The Pessimist tells me, the world is a wilderness, and it is a misfortune to live at all. Youth is a blunder, manhood is a struggle, old age is a regret. It is winter, winter, winter, the whole year round. But he does not understand the possibilities of life—the Lord is nigh, and when He uses me I am more than a conqueror.

A. SMELLIE.



There is no good in praying for anything unless you also try for it.

H. VAN DYKE.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Beware of despairing about yourself;
you are commanded to put your trust
in God, and not in yourself.

ST. AUGUSTINE.



GREEN HILLS

Oh! the hills look green that are far away,
And we struggle to reach them all the day;
And we say, "Oh, would that we could be there,
Where the beautiful emerald hills appear!"
Ah! would in the near we could calmly rest,
But the far off always appears the best;—
And this proverb rings in our ears all day,—
Oh! the hills look green that are far away.

L. H. WALKER.



He that wills a thing succeeds in it,
but the most difficult thing in the world is to will.

J. DE MAISTRE.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

We must increase our talents, enlarge our graces, shoot up into tallness, grow to this stature; for God's family admits no dwarfs. Stunted profession was never sound.

ADAMS.



Take all in a word; the Truth in God's breast

Lies trace for trace upon our's impressed:

Though He is so bright, and we are so dim,

We are made in His image to witness Him.

R. BROWNING.



Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God knows of us.

PAINE.



RIGHT DOING

Do that which is right. The respect of mankind will follow; or, if it do not, you will be able to do without it.

GOETHE.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do.

W. E. CHANNING.



DAILY LIVING

You trod no high, heroic way,
No calendar your name enshrined;
You were but faithful every day,
And tolerant and kind.
Men scorned the limits of your view,
While you in patience, one by one,
The homely duties sought to do
That they had left undone.

M. KENDALL.



If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right. But do not care to convince him. Men will believe what they see. Let them see.

W. D. THOREAU.



The higher the character or rank, the less the pretence, because there is less to pretend to.

BULWER.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Be thou good, although mankind speak evil of you—which is better than being bad whilst they think you good.

J. PLATT.



INSIST ON YOURSELF

Insist on thyself. Thine own gift thou canst present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation.

R. W. EMERSON.



There is not any way so sure of making others happy as being so one's self to begin with.

SIR A. HELPS



BE SINCERE

Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour, insincerity is the most dangerous.

J. A. FROUDE.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Believe and love—a believing love will relieve us of a vast load of care. O, my brothers! God exists!

R. W. EMERSON.



A GOOD THOUGHT

A good thought is a great boon, for which God is to be first thanked, then he who is the first to utter it, and then in a lesser, but still in a considerable degree, the man who is the first to quote it to us.

ANON.



ONE DAY'S

We can carry one day's burdens. We can do one day's duties. We can endure one day's sorrows. It is a blessing that this is all God ever gives us at a time.

J. R. MILLER.



What I want is, not to possess a religion, but to have a religion that shall possess me.

C. KINGSLEY.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

The gods in bounty work up thorns
about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out
into practice
Virtues that shun the day, and lie con-
ceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calm
of life.

ADDISON.



Give thy heart's best treasures—
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not a return;

And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more.

A. A. PROCTOR.



DEFINITE PURPOSE

Bind together your spare hours by
the cord of some definite purpose,
and know how much may be accom-
plished.

DR. W. M. TAYLOR.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet, in all men that seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Perhaps no one is so satisfied with himself that he never wishes to be wiser, better, and more holy. Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself. This ideal which we project out of ourselves, and seek to make real—this wisdom, goodness, and holiness, which we aim to transfer from our thoughts to our life, has an action more or less powerful on each, rendering him dissatisfied with present attainments, and restless, unless he is becoming better.

T. PARKER.

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LIFE'S LESSON

This is a lesson we cannot learn too soon—that the world can go on easily without us.

GOETHE.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Learn that duty, love, devotedness, consist in making of our happiness the happiness of others, and of the happiness of others our own happiness, while egotism consists in deriving happiness from the misfortunes of others. Nero wished the Roman people had but one head, that he might take it off at a single blow: this was egotism. Titus considered that day to be lost in which he failed to render some one happy: this was love. "To love," Leibnitz has said, "is to place our happiness in the happiness of another." That sublime definition needs no commentary: it is understood or not understood. He who has loved understands it; he who has not loved will never understand it.

LACORDAIRE.



Chase brave employments with a
naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not, for
all may have
If they dare try a glorious life or
grave.

G. HERBERT.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Hold out a loving helping hand to all
Whose hearts are sad and weary,
and who find
Life's rough steep places hard to
climb, who fall
And stumble by the way—to these
be kind.

Strew on the pathway of thy friends
around
Flow'rets of love and pity, blossoms
fair,
Nor keep them all to wither under-
ground
Within a grave,—the dead need not
thy care.

E. WOOLWARD.



HAPPINESS

Happiness is like a kitten's tail—hard
to catch, but there's plenty of fun
in chasing it.



Strong is the man, he only strong
To those well-ordered will belong
For service and delight;
All power that in the face of wrong
Establish right.

O. MEREDITH.

TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

There are many passages of Scripture
which you will never understand
until some trying experience interprets
them to you.

C. H. SPURGEON.



DAILY COMMON-SENSE

Order is heaven's first law, and this
confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than
the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who'd
infer from hence
That such are happier shocks all com-
mon-sense.

A. POPE.





Grain that is Golden



THE NEW YEAR

I asked the New Year for some motto
sweet,

Some rule of life with which to guide
my feet;

I asked and paused. He answered soft
and low:

“God’s will to know.”

“Will knowledge then suffice, New
Year?” I cried;

And ere the question into silence died
The answer came: “Nay, but remem-
ber, too,

God’s will to do.”

Once more I asked: “Is there no
more to tell?”

And once again the answer softly fell:

“Yes, this one thing, all other things
above—

God’s will to love.”

A SONG OF HOPE

Hope puts a song into the heart,
Hope makes a light when the night
 is dark;
Hope, hope gives strength when the
 flesh is weak,
Hope is an anchor to those who seek.
Hope chases all our fears away,
Hope brightens up the darkest day;
Hope dries the memories' flowing
 tears,
Hope, hope endures through all the
 years.



The ministry of little things,
 Not counted mean or small
By that dear alchemy which brings
 Some grain of gold from all:
The faith to wait as well as work,
 Whatever may befall.

S. COOLIDGE.



Industry is, in itself, and when
properly chosen, delightful and profit-
able to the worker; and when your
toil has been a pleasure, you have
not earned money merely, but money,
health, delight and moral profit, all in
one.

R. L. STEVENSON.

A MESSAGE FROM THE ROBIN

I'll sing you a lay ere I wing on my way,

Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!
Whenever you're blue, find something to do

For somebody else, who is sadder than you;

Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!



There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.

R. L. STEVENSON.



Would'st shape a noble life? Then cast

No backward glances toward the past,
And though somewhat be lost and gone,

Yet do thou act as one new-born:

What each day needs, that shalt thou ask,

Each day will set its proper task.

EASTERTIDE

Along all our pathways sweet flowers
are blooming, if we will only stop to
pluck them and smell their fragrance.
In every meadow birds are warbling,
calling to their mates, and soaring into
the blue, if we will only stop our
grumbling long enough to hear them.

J. SAVAGE.



I tell you, if I could go back the track
 To my life's morning hour,
I would not set forth seeking name or
 fame,
 Or that poor bauble called power.
I would be like the sunlight, and live
 to give;
 I would lend, but I would not
 borrow;
Nor would I be blind and complain of
 pain,
 Forgetting the meaning of sorrow.

E. W. WILCOX.



REAL JOY

Real joy comes not from ease, not
from riches, not from the applause
of men, but from having done things
that were worth while.

W. GREENFELL.

A SPRING THOUGHT

There is strength, repose of mind, and inspiration in fresh apparel. God gives Nature new garments every season. You are a part of Nature. The tree trusts and grows, and takes storm and sun as Divinely sent, and believes it is right to new apparel, and it comes. It will come to you if you do the same.

E. W. WILCOX.



One who claims that he knows about it,

Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;
But I and the trees, and the birds,
we doubt it,

And think it is a world worth living in.



Times change, opinions vary to their opposite, and still this world appears a brave gymnasium, full of sea-bathing and horse exercise and bracing manly virtues; and what can be more encouraging than to find the friend who was welcome at one age, still welcome at another?

R. L. STEVENSON.

JOYFULNESS A DUTY

“Joy is a duty”—so with golden lore
The Hebrew Rabbis taught in days of
yore.

And happy human hearts heard in
their speech

Almost the highest wisdom man can
reach.

But one bright peak still rises far
above,

And there the Master stands Whose
name is Love,

Saying to those whom heavy tasks
employ,

“Life is divine when duty is a joy.”

H. VAN DYKE.



An aim in life is the only fortune
worth the finding, and it is not to be
found in foreign lands, but in the
heart itself.

R. L. STEVENSON.



A WISH

May every morning seem to say:

“There’s something happy on the
way,

And God sends love to you.”

H. VAN DYKE.

SOME OF THESE DAYS

Some of these days all the skies will
be brighter,
Some of these days all the burdens
will be lighter,
Hearts will be happier, souls will be
whiter
Some of these days.

Some of these days, in the deserts
upspringing,
Fountains shall flash while the joy-
bells are ringing,
And the world—with its sweetest birds
—shall go singing
Some of these days.

Some of these days, let us bear with
our sorrow
Forth in the future, its light we may
borrow;
There will be joy in the golden to-
morrow
Some of these days.

F. STANTON.



A man may fall into a thousand per-
plexities, but if his heart be upright
and his intelligence unclouded, he will
issue from them all without dishonour.

R. L. STEVENSON.

DAY BY DAY

The inner growth of a Christian should be continuous. The renewal is said to be "day by day." We should count the day lost which records no victory over some fault or secret sin, no new gain in self-discipline, in the culture of the spirit, no enlargement in the power of serving, no added features of likeness to the master.

J. R. MILLER.



Laugh, and the world laughs with
you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For sad old earth must borrow its
mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air,
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

E. W. WILCOX.



Duty makes us do all things well,
but love makes us do them beauti-
fully.

P. BROOKS.

REAL MANLINESS

Ah, God, for a man with heart, head,
hand,
Like some of the simple great ones
gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant
land
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

A. TENNYSON.



How can you learn self-knowledge?
By action. Try to do your duty,
and you will soon find what you are
worth. What is your duty? The
exigency of the day.



I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labour;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbour.
But though my goal I never see
This thought shall always dwell with
me:
I will be worthy of it.

E. W. WILCOX.

SELF-CONTROL

A lack of self-control always indicates other lacks and weaknesses which are fatal to the highest attainments. A man who cannot hold himself in check certainly will not be able to control others. A lack of self-control indicates a lack of mental balance. A man who cannot keep his balance under all circumstances, who cannot control the fire of his temper, who lacks the power to overthrow the volcano of his passion, cannot boast of self-mastery, has not arrived at success.

* * *

Own, if you can, one of those welcome faces—
That bring the sunshine to life's shadowed places.

* * *

To sit still and contemplate, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness.

R. L. STEVENSON.

BE LOYAL

Do your best loyally and cheerfully, and suffer yourself to feel no anxiety or fear. Your times are in God's hands. He has assigned you your place. He will direct your paths. He will accept your efforts if they be faithful. He will bless your aims if they be for your soul's good.

F. W. FARRAR.



For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

F. PIERPONT.



When the best things are not possible,
the best may be made of those that
are.

HOOKER.



Think not the thistle seed to cast,
And reap the rose full blown,
For man must gather, first or last,
The harvest he has sown.

FAULT FINDING

So many little faults we find:
We see them, for not blind
Is love—we see them; but if you and I
Remember them, perhaps, some by
and by
They will not be
Faults then, grave faults, to you and
me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even
less—
Remembrances to bless.



He who has the truth at his heart
need never fear the want of per-
suasion on his tongue.

J. RUSKIN.



And sneer not at the weakness
Which made a brother fall,
For the hand that lifts the fallen
God loves the best of all.

M. R. SMITH.



Capital is not what a man has, but
what he is. Character is capital;
honour is capital.

MACDUFF,

ENDURING WORDS

You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something always behind. They pass into proverbs, they pass into laws, they pass into doctrine, they pass into consolation! but they never pass away, and after all the use that is made of them, they are still not exhausted.

DEAN STANLEY.



Better the old slow way of striving,
And counting small gains when the
year is done,
Than to use our force and our
strength in contriving,
And to grasp for pleasure we have
not won.

E. W. WILCOX.



It is the cause, not the death, that
makes the martyr.



Add to your list, as the eighth deadly sin, anxiety of mind, and resolve not to be pining and miserable when you ought to be grateful and happy.

A CHEERY THOUGHT

Only in one thought I find joy I
never miss,
In faith to know all grief below will
grow to final bliss.
And he who holds this faith will
strive with firm and ardent soul,
And work out his own proper good in
working for the whole.
God only sees the perfect good, the
way to it is dim:
God only there is truly blest, men
only blest in Him.



Let your anger set with the sun, but
not rise.



It is better to say "this one thing I
do," than to say "these forty things I
dabble with."



As love is deepest in the being of
God, so faith is the mightiest prin-
ciple in the soul of man. Let us
distinguish their several essences.
Love is the essence of Duty, faith is
the essence of humanity which con-
stitute it what it is.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

NOW

Time there was, but it is gone;
Time there may be—who can tell?
Time there is to act upon,—
Help me, Lord, to use it well.

LADY WATERFORD.



Contentment is the true philosopher's stone. The poor are rich that have it, and the rich are poor without it.



The lives which seem so poor, so low,
The hearts which are so cramped and dull,
The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo!
They blossom to the beautiful.

S. COOLIDGE.



Every shadow has its light, every night has its morning, every pang of pain has its thrill of pleasure, every salt tear has its crystal beauty, every weakness has its element of strength, every loss has its gain. So all through life these balancings run.

J. R. MILLER.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

What does God require of us but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him? The longer I live, this seems to me the more important, and all other questions less so—if we can but live the simple right life.

C. KINGSLEY.



WAYSIDE SERVICE

Leave, whene'er you pass,
Love's golden thread of light;
What is marred, make right;
What is severed unite.



The peculiarity of ill-temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. This compatibility of ill-temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics. Souls are made sweet, not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in—a great love, a new spirit, the spirit of Christ.

H. DRUMMOND.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF FAITH

Given a man of faith, and the heavenly powers behind him, and you have untold possibilities. History is full of such instances, men and women, single-handed, but with the heavenly vision, effecting what armies could hardly accomplish. Keep, therefore, your eye upon the heavenly powers, call them to your service, and with them around you take up the routine and duties of life.

LAWRENCE.



Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope
for the morrow;
Are these worth nothing more than
the hand they make weary?
The heart they have saddened, the
life they leave dreary?
Hush, the sevenfold heavens to the
voice of the Spirit
Echo: "He that overcometh shall all
things inherit."



Passion colours the world according
to its nature and its interests.

E. WHITING.

THE ART OF SERVICE

'Tis not the weight of jewel or plate,
Or the fondle of the silk or fur;
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is
rich,
As the gifts of the wise men's were;
And we are not told whose gift was
gold,
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.

Ae

O, Toil, thou stern, strong master,
Take thou my hand,
And lead me down life's highway;
Fill thou my days
With earnest, brave endeavour;
Make thou my life
A joy to other toilers;
Let my song be
A bugle call to cheer them;
Then, when at last
The road leads toward the hill-top,
Let my end come
Among life's sturdy battlers.

Ae :

Pearls lie not on the seashore; if
thou desirest one thou must dive for
it.

ORIENTAL PROVERB.

GOOD MORNING

Greet the day with a smile, and it will leave you with a blessing.



There are very few lights in the world, but many mirrors.



So many people think that Love is "getting," whereas Love is "giving."

G. A. STEEL.



Life's uncertainties give us a new hold upon the everlasting.

M. G. PEARSE.



Buy the truth whatever it may cost; sell it not whatever may be offered.

ARNOT.



Friendship often ends in love; but love in friendship—never.

COLTON.



A precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy.

J. RUSKIN,

HOPE

Hope stood one morning by the way,
And stretched her fair white hand to
me,
And softly whispered, "For this day
I'll company with thee."

Ah, no! dear Hope, I, sighing said—
Oft have you joined me in the morn,
But when evening came you fled,
And left me all forlorn.

'Tis better far to walk alone,
Than have your company awhile,
And then to lose it, and go on
For weary mile and mile.

She turned rebuked. I went my way,
But sad the sunshine seemed, and
chill;
I missed her, missed her all the day,
And, oh! I miss her still.

S. COOLIDGE.

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No man can ask honestly or hope-
fully to be delivered from temptation
unless he has himself honestly and
firmly determined to do the best he
can to keep out of it.

J. RUSKIN.

REAL CHRISTIANITY

In Christianity nothing is of real concern except that which makes us wiser and better; everything which does make us wiser and better is the very thing which Christianity intends.

A. P. STANLEY.



There doth not live
Any so poor but they may give,
Any so rich but may receive.

M. J. PRESTON.



Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented.

There is a healthful restlessness of soul
By which a mighty purpose is augmented
In urging men to reach a higher goal.

E. W. WILCOX.



A wise man knows an ignorant one because he has been ignorant himself, but the ignorant cannot recognise the wise, because he has never been wise.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

THE RIGHT ATTITUDE OF FAITH

God's law for the ascending dove and the ascending soul is identical. It is the law of overcoming resistance. It is in the strong gale that the white winged seagull can soar without moving her wings; the force of gravity that would draw her downwards is counteracted by the force of the air striking against her wings. The one thing needful is right attitude.

B. WILBERFORCE.



Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The eyes that now are dimmed with
tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnests of serener years.

W. C. BRYANT.



What man is there in the world with such clean hands that he dare presume to condemn the meanest creature living.

M. CORELLI.

PATRIOTISM

O my brothers, love your country!
Our country is our home, the house
that God has given us, placing therein
a numerous family that loves us, and
whom we love. In labouring for our
own country on the right principle,
we labour for humanity.

MAZZINI.



Palaces of beauty do not draw us
homewards as surely as does a good
mother.



Many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest
timber'd oak.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



Sarcasm is a cruel and sharp-edged
weapon, quite unfit for use in the
family circle.



It is not always wise to judge another
either by his tongue or coat, for true
worth lies where neither ear nor eye
can penetrate.

PATIENCE

'Twere well to wait—
The pears upon my tree are still but
green,
But they will ripen in the summer sun,
One variety would do all things at
once;
God takes His turn, and puts us all
to shame,
I am for trust, for working with a will,
And waiting long, to see what comes
of it.

A. WATSON.



Do not attempt to measure friendship,
or weigh affection. So much of mine
for so much of yours is only barter
and not love.



I think that good must come of good,
And ill of evil—surely unto all
In every place, or time; seeing sweet
fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, or
bitter things
From poison stocks; yea, seeing, too,
how spite
Breeds hate—and kindness, friends—
or patience, Peace.

E. ARNOLD.

CHARACTER BUILDING

Take heed how you build. That which you are doing, the work which you are performing, you do not leave behind because you forget it. Every stroke, every single element abides, and there is nothing that grows so fast as character.

H. W. BEECHER.



Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first the fault to see
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lips can tell how brief the stay;
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we may.



A little kindness is never forgotten by the one who receives it. It sometimes brightens a whole day; it goes far, often, towards lifting a heavy burden; and it comforts an aching heart, and makes it, for a time, forget its misery. You may not be able to do great things, but surely you can be kind, and sympathetic, and helpful. If God has blessed you, be a blessing to others.

PESSIMISM

The man who does not hope for better things, and does not believe that better things can be brought about is not the man likely to bring better things about. Pessimism is productive of paralysis and stagnation.

W. TAFT.



Moments there are in life, alas how few!
When, casting cold prudential doubts aside,
We take a generous impulse for our guide;
And following promptly what the heart thinks best,
Commit to Providence the rest,
Sure that no after-reckoning will arise
Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise.

R. SOUTHEY.



I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



Take care of your ability, and your salary will take care of itself.

THREE WISHES

Be Thou my Guide, and I will walk
in darkness,
As one who treads the beaming
heights of day,
Feeling a gladness amidst desert sad-
ness,
And healthy vernal fragrance all the
way.

Be Thou my Wealth, and reft of all
beside Thee,
I will forget the strife of meaner
things;
Blessed is the sweetness of Thy rare
completeness,
And opulent beyond the dream of
kings.

Be Thou my Strength, O lowly One
and saintly,
And, though unvisioned ills about
me throng,
Though danger woo me and deceit
pursue me,
Yet in the thought of Thee I will
be strong.

F. COATES.



We do not think about self-sacrifice
when it is love which calls for ser-
vice.

SELF

Will not a tiny speck close to our vision blot out the glory of the world around, and leave only a margin by which we see the blot? I know no speck so troublesome as self.

G. ELIOT.

◆◆

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its grey creation, hues like her's,
Or can mix them with that matchless
skill,
And lose them in each other, as
appears
In every bud that blows?

J. THOMSON.

◆◆

We cannot always choose our road in life, but we can choose whether we walk along the shady or the sunny side of it.

G. A. STEEL.

◆◆

Devotion is neither public nor private prayer—but prayers, whether public or private, are particular parts or instances of devotion. Devotion signifies a life given, devoted to God.

W. LAW.

SING AND WORK

Keep a song in your heart, it will
lighten

The duty you hold in your hand;
Its music will graciously brighten
The work your high purpose has
planned;

Your notes to the lives that are
saddened

May make them to hopefully yearn,
And earth shall be wondrously
gladdened

By songs they shall sing in return.
Keep a task in your hands, you must
labour,

By toil is true happiness won;
For foe and for friend and for neigh-
bour,

Rejoice, there is much to be done.
Endeavour by crowning life's duty
With joy-giving song and with
smile,

To make the world fuller of beauty.
Because you were in it a while.



Keep the common road, and thou art
safe.



The half-sister of suspicion is jealousy,
and envy its mother-in-law.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and title a thousandfold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple manners that always
 please;
A heart that can feel for another's
 woes,
And share his joys with a genial
 glow—
With sympathies large enough to en-
 fold
All men as brothers—is better than
gold.

One's chiefest duty here below
Is not the seeming great to do,
That the vain world may pause to
 see;
But in steadfast humility
To walk the common walk, and bear
The thousand things, the trifling care,
In love with wisdom patiently.
Thus each one in his narrow groove
The great world nearer God may
move.

M. HUNT.



Gratitude is a word you will find in
the doctrines, but you will not find
much of it anywhere else.

HAPPINESS

While I sought happiness, she fled
Before me constantly;
Weary, I turned to duty's path,
And happiness sought me,
Saying, "I will walk this road to-
day,
I'll bear thee company."



That thou may'st injure no man, dove-
like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure
thee.

W. COWPER.



In the long run Fame finds the
deserving man.
The lucky wight may prosper for a
day,
But in good time true merit leads the
van,
And vain pretence, unnoticed goes
its way.
There is no Chance, no Destiny, no
Fate,
But Fortune smiles on those who
work and wait,
In the long run.

E. W. WILCOX.

GOOD ADVICE

The secret of life is not to be what one likes, but to try to like that which one has to do, and one does come to like it in time.

M. CRAIK.

◆◆

Be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech.

W. SHAKESPEARE,

◆◆

Mystery is God's allurement along the path of knowledge; it is His challenge to a human soul.

◆◆

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

◆◆

Things cannot always go your way. Learn to accept in silence the minor aggravations, cultivate the gift of taciturnity, and consume your own smoke with an extra draught of hard work, so that those about you may not be annoyed with the dust and soot of your complaints.

W. OSTER.

CONFIDENCE

Be like the bird that halting in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

V. HUGO.



Only a thought, but the work it wrought
Could never by pen or tongue be taught;
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit a hundred-fold.



I reach a duty, yet I do it not,
And therefore climb no higher; but if done,
My view is brightened, and another spot
Seen on my mortal sun;
For be the duty high as angel's flight—
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,
Even from its ashes. Duty is our ladder to the skies,
And climbing not, we fall.

THE CUP OF HAPPINESS

God is continually giving. He will not withhold from you or me. I hold up my little cup, He fills it full. If yours is greater, rejoice in that, and bring it faithfully to the same urn. He, who fills the violet with beauty, and the sun with light, will not fail to inspire you and me. Were your little cup to become as large as the Atlantic, He would still fill it.

J. PARKER.



The world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
But whether good or whether bad
Depends on how you take it.



If only we strive to be pure and true,
To each of us all there will come
an hour
When the tree of life shall burst
into flower,
And rain at our feet the glorious
dower
Of something grander than ever we
knew.

PROVIDENCE

Our little thoughts gambol close to
God's abyss,
Children, whose home is by the
precipice,
Fear not thy little ones shall o'er it
fall;
Solid, though viewless, is the girdling
wall.



If you wish your merit to be known,
recognise that of other people.



What thou wilt
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy
smile,
Than hew it with thy sword.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



Talent forms itself in solitude; Character in the press of life.

GOETHE.



The true waste of life consists in the
love we have not given, the service
we have not rendered, the sacrifice
from which we have drawn back.

QUIET RETROSPECT

We are sent here, in one sense, to bear and to suffer; but, in another, to do and to enjoy. The active day has its evening of repose; even patient sufferance has its alleviations, when there is a consolatory sense of duty discharged.

SIR W. SCOTT.



Be firm! Whatever tempts thy soul
To loiter ere it reach its goal,
Whatever siren-voice would draw
Thy heart from duty and its law,
Oh! that distrust. Go bravely on,
And, till the victor-crown be won,
Be firm!

C. E. MAYO.



Better it is, toward the right conduct of life, to consider what will be the end of a thing, than what is the beginning of it; for what promises fair at first may prove ill, and what seems at first a disadvantage, may prove very advantageous.

A. WELLS.

HAPPINESS

For ages happiness has been represented as a huge precious stone, impossible to be found, which people seek for hopelessly. It is not so: happiness is a mosaic, composed of a thousand little stones, which separately and of themselves have little value, but which united with art, form a graceful design.

DE GERADEN.



Presence of mind, and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success.

DRYDEN.



Experience is the most effective schoolmaster, although the school-fees are somewhat heavy.

H. HEINE.



We do not "make" friends, but as we go through life we "find" the friends whom God has made for us.

G. A. STEEL.

A SERMON—TO MYSELF

You say that the world is so dreary!—
Do you ever make it more bright?
On lives that are hopeless or weary
Do you ever shed a new light?
No wonder the world is of so dull a
hue
If its made up of people exactly like
you!

You say that all love is so selfish:
Folks like you for what they can
get!—
With love that was wholly un-pel-fish
Have you loved a single soul yet? *
No wonder we're all far from
Heaven's sweet laws
If humanity's love is the pattern of
yours!

You say that all men are so greedy,
So eager to make cent per cent.;
The rich ones are worse than the
needy,
Each grabbing; and never con-
tent!—
From all that is known of your own
small affairs,
I should say it's no wonder—if your
fashion's theirs!

I fear that the devil's exerting
His talent for masking his lies.
'Tis you who need soundly convert-
ing—
"Other people" is dust in your
eyes!
If you would behave as you so well
know how,
This bad world would begin to be
perfect right now.

G. A. STEEL.



I look, aside the mist has rolled,
The waster seems the builder too;
Upspringingly from the ruined old
I see the new!

'Twas but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Is living still!



This, then, is the sum of all. Circum-
stances are not in our power; virtues
are. It is not in our power to avert
the bitter failure which earth may
inflict; it is in our power to win the
high success which God bestows.

F. W. FARRAR.

JEWELS

Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called "exceedingly great and precious promises," laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature.



Give me the light heart, Heaven above!

Give me the heart of a friend,
Give me one high fine spirit to love,
I'll abide my fate to the end;
I will help where I can, I will cherish
my own,
Nor walk the steep way of the world
alone.

G. PARKER.



Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another man.

T. HUGHES.

A FRESH BEGINNING

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done, and the tears
are shed.

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted
and bled,
Are healed with the healing which
night has shed.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older
sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible
pain,
Take heart with the day and begin
again.

S. COOLIDGE.



Selfishness is the most patronised
idolatry in the world.

W. M. PEMBER.



Man is always wanting to do some
great thing. Let him overcome him-
self—for that is the greatest conquest.

H. DRUMMOND.

NATURE'S BOUNTY

Always there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight and labour. We reap what we sow, but Nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

G. ELIOT.



A foolish act has made many a wiser man.



There is no cutting of the Gordian knots of life; each must be smilingly unravelled.

R. L. STEVENSON.



All men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfection will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

CYRUS.

OUR LIFE—A SONG

God wants our life to be a song. He has written the music for us in His Word and in the duties that come to us in our places and relations in life. The things we ought to do are the notes set upon the staff. To make our life beautiful music we must be obedient and submissive. Any disobedience is the singing of a false note and yields discord.

J. R. MILLER.



Give gifts if you will and can, but above all give love.

L. WHITING.



Our actions are the only title-deeds of which we cannot be disinherited.



Happiness is a roadside flower, growing on the highway of usefulness.

M. TUPPER.



The difference between pride and vanity is that we have the first, and other people have the other!

QUIET KINDNESS

Oft unknowingly the tongue
 Touches on a chord so aching
That a word or accent wrong
 Pains the heart almost to breaking;
Many a tear of wounded pride,
 Many a fault of human kindness
Has been soothed or turned aside
 By a voice of quiet kindness.



Judge not without knowledge, nor
without necessity, and never without
love.

A. WHYTE.



Duty is the shadow which only leaves
us when we leave the light of life.

W. E. GLADSTONE.



There is not one who need live in
vain. Though your sphere be of the
humblest, there is some brother-man
whom you can reach and rescue; for
the poorest of you there is a vast field
of toil, and an awaiting recompense
of honour.

W. M. PUNSHON.

STABILITY OF FAITH

I have a life with Christ to live,
But, ere I live it, must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
Of this, and that book's date?
I have a life in Christ to live,
I have a death in Christ to die—
And must I wait till service give
All doubts a full reply?

Nay, rather, while the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life, and death, and sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat;
And hear this awful voice repeat,
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet:
“Come unto Me, and rest;
Believe Me, and be blest.”

J. SHAIRP.



A moment's success pays the failure
of years.

R. BROWNING.



Autobiography has been wittingly
described as “that which biography
ought to be.”

We are here on earth to be trained
to give and not to grasp. We gain
most by giving most. We lose by
grasping. If we blindly refuse to give,
and insist on grasping, God comes to
us as a wise father to a greedy child,
and says: "Give that to Me." He
comes to make us give, because by
giving only can we truly receive; not
to take from us our joy, but that by
giving to Him we may receive more
joy.

J. H. DENISON.

▲▲

Let the world be better, brighter,
For your having trod its way;
Let your light be seen afar
Ere sinks down life's little day.

Scatter seeds of love and kindness
As you tread the heavenward road;
You will find them all again
In the Paradise of God.

▲▲

Doing is the great thing. For, if
resolutely people do what is right, in
time they come to like doing it.

J. RUSKIN.

Little faithfulnesses: it is all the more necessary for us to contemplate them, because it is not them in general which men venerate or admire and yet no one, be sure, has ever greatly done or gloriously dared who has not been familiar with the grand unselfishness of little duties, who has not offered to God the daily sacrifice of a contrite heart, the daily discipline of a chastened spirit.

F. W. FARRAR.



Follow the Christ, the King;
Live pure, speak true, right wrong,
follow the King—
Else—wherefore born?

A. TENNYSON.



Life is not one of those homeless forces which promiscuously inhabit space, or which can be gathered like electricity from the clouds and dissipated back again into space. Life is definite and resident; and spiritual life is not a visit from a force, but a resident tenant in the soul.

H. DRUMMOND.

NOTE THIS

A smile, a word, or a touch,
And each is easily given;

Yet either may win

A soul from sin

Or smooth the way to Heaven.

A smile may lighten the falling
heart,

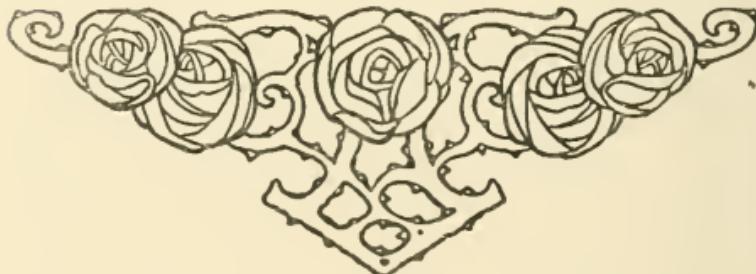
A word may soften pain's keenest
smart,

A touch may lead us from sin
apart—

How easily either is given!



Beware of the noontide of prosperity,
it is more dangerous than the twilight
of adversity.





The Spirit of Joy



There is no day born but comes like a stroke of music into the world and sings itself all the way through.

H. W. BEECHER.



Our whole happiness and power of energetic action in this world depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud; content to see it opening here and closing there; rejoicing to catch through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things; but yet perceiving a nobleness even in the concealment, and rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied.

J. RUSKIN.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Let us do right, and then whether happiness comes or unhappiness is no very weighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter—bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne. The well-being of our souls depends only on what we are; and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good and steady scorn of evil.

J. A. FROUDE.



The splendours of the firmament of time

May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;

Like stars to their appointed height they climb,

And death is a low mist which cannot blot

The brightness it may veil.

P. B. SHELLEY.



Happiness is cumulative, as misery is. Happiness has no limits, as heaven has neither bottom nor bounds—and because happiness is nothing but the conquest of God through love.

H. AMIEL.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

The good work of the world is done
either in pure and unvexed instinct of
duty; or else, and better, it is cheer-
ful and helpful doing of what the
hand finds to do, in surety that at
evening-time whatsoever is right the
Master will give.

J. RUSKIN.



Alike are life and death
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the
sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



The first thing a kindness deserves is
acceptance; the second, transmission.

G. MACDONALD.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he himself is as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Such an one moves on human life as stars move over dark seas to bewildered mariners; as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the south.

H. W. BEECHER.



Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



No place, however beautiful, can be perfectly beautiful till the light from the lamp of self-sacrifice falls upon it.

J. RUSKIN.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Give, as the morning that flows out
of heaven:

Give, as the waves when their channel
is riven;

Give, as the free air and sunshine are
given,—

Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give!
Not the waste drops of thy cup over-
flowing,

Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever
glowing,

Not a pale bud from the June rose's
blowing;

Give as He gave thee, who gave
thee to live!

Pour out thy love like the rush of a
river

Wasting its waters for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward
not the giver!

Silent or songful, thou nearest the
sea.

Scatter thy life as the summer showers
pouring!

What if no bird through the pearl-
rain is soaring,

What if no blossom looks upward
adoring?

Look to the life that was lavished
for thee!

R. T. COOKE.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance of love, and to work, and to play, and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbour's, except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friend, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

H. VAN DYKE.

▲

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty,
where
Supporting and supported, polished
friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss!

J. THOMSON.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday. To-day is a king in disguise. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days. Let us not be so deceived; let us unmask the king as he passes.

R. W. EMERSON.



No backward glance shall hinder or appal me;
A new life is begun:
And better hopes and better motives call me
Than those the past has won.

L. KNAPP.



So the milder third gate was opened for him, and he passed, not softly, yet speedily, into that still country, where the hail-storms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden way-farer at length lays down his load.

T. CARLYLE.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Keep the upward windows open. Do not dare to think that a child of God can worthily work out his career, or worthily serve God's other children, unless he does both in the love and fear of God their Father.

P. BROOKS.



Only grant my soul may carry high
through death her cup unspilled,
Brimming though it be with know-
ledge, life's loss drop by drop dis-
tilled,
I shall boast it mine—the balsam, bless
each kindly wrench that wrung
From life's tree its inmost virtues,
tapped the root whence pleasures
sprung,
Barked the bole, and broke the bough,
and bruised the berry, left all grace
Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed
elixir in its place!

R. BROWNING.



'Tis not the calm and peaceful breast
That sees or reads the problem true;
They only know on whom't has prest
Too hard to hope to solve it too.

A. H. CLOUGH.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Am I wrong to be always happy?
this world is full of grief;
Yet there is laughter of sunshine, to
see the crisp green in the leaf.
Daylight is ringing with song-birds,
and brooklets are crooning by
night.

And why should I make a shadow
where God makes all so bright?
Earth may be wicked and weary, yet
cannot I help being glad;
There is sunshine without and within
me, and how should I mope or
be sad?

God would not flood me with bless-
ings, meaning me only to pine,
Amid all the bounties and beauties
He pours upon me and mine;
Therefore will I be grateful, and there-
fore will I rejoice:

My heart is singing within me! sing
on, O heart and voice!

W. SMITH.



It is not written, blessed is he that
feedeth the poor, · but he that con-
sidereth the poor. A little thought and
a little kindness are often worth more
than a great deal of money.

J. RUSKIN.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Be the noblest man that your present faith, poor and weak and imperfect as it is, can make you be. Live up to your present growth, your present faith. So, and so only, do you take the next straight step forward, as you stand strong where you are now; so only can you think the curtain will be drawn back, and there will be revealed to you what lies beyond.

P. BROOKS.



We shall reap such joys in the by and by,

But what have we sown to-day?

We shall build us mansions in the sky,

But what have we built to-day?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,

But here and now do we do our task?

Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask—

“What have we done to-day?”

N. WATERMAN.



We cannot part with our friends; we cannot let our Angels go.—We do not see that they only go out that Archangels may come in.

R. W. EMERSON.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

There can be no substitute for the world-old humdrum, commonplace qualities of truth, justice and courage, thrift, industry, common sense, and genuine sympathy with and fellow-feeling for others.

T. ROOSEVELT.



THE GIFT OF TRUE LOVE

Was never true love in vain,
For truest love is highest gain,
No art can make it; it must spring
Where elements are fostering.
So in Heaven's spot and hour
Springs the little native flower,
Downward root and upward eye,
Shapen by the earth and sky.

G. ELIOT.



He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness which no other help given to human creatures can possibly give. He who puts his influence into the fountain where the river comes out puts his influence in everywhere.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Put case—I never have myself enjoyed,
Known by experience what enjoyment means,—
How shall I—share enjoyment?—no, indeed!
Supply it to my fellows?—ignorant As so I should be of the thing they crave,
How it affects them, works for good or ill? . . .
Just as I cannot, till myself convinced, Impart conviction, so, to deal forth Joy
Adroitly, needs must I know Joy myself.

R. BROWNING.



Every joy is gain,
And gain is gain, however small.

R. BROWNING.



If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains. I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms.

O. W. HOLMES.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Study how to fill your head full of the love of God, and the love of your neighbour, and then be content to be no deeper a scholar, no finer a gentleman, than these tempers will make you. As true religion is nothing else but simple nature governed by right reason, so it loves and requires great plainness and simplicity of life.

W. LAW.



In Life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscles trained; know'st thou when fate
Thy measure takes? or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy, do this thing for me!"

R. W. EMERSON.



We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether.

R. W. EMERSON.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



QUIET WORKERS

Yes, while on earth a thousand dis-
cords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with
his toil,
Still do they, quiet ministers, move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence per-
fecting!
Still working, blaming still our vain
turmoil,
Labourers that shall not fail, when
man is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



He is the richest who is content with the least, for content is the wealth of nature.

SOCRATES.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Certainly at present, and perhaps through all your life, your teachers are wisest when they make you content in quiet virtue, and that literature and art are best for you which point out, in common life, and in familiar things, the objects for hopeful labour, and for humble love.

J. RUSKIN.



Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily trip the stile-a;
Your merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile-a.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



My life is a fault at last, I fear;
It seems too much like a fate,
indeed!
Though I do my best I shall scarce
succeed.
But what if I fail of my purpose here?
'Tis but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a
fall,
And, baffled, get up and begin again,—
So the chase takes up one's life,
that's all.

R. BROWNING.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

I would flood your path with sun-
shine; I would fence you from
all ill;
I would crown you with all blessings,
if I could but have my will;
Aye! but human love may err, dear,
and a power all wise is near;
So I only pray, God bless you, and
God keep you through the year.

ANON.



Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity
Robbed thee of any faith in happi-
ness,
But rather cleared thine inner eyes to
see
How many simple ways there are to
bless.

J. R. LOWELL.



THE ETERNAL THOUGHT

As you grow ready for it, somewhere
or other you will find what is needful
for you in a book, or a friend, or,
best of all, in your own thoughts—
the eternal thought speaking in your
thought.

G. MACDONALD.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

The men who met him rounded on
their heels
And wonder'd after him, because his
face
Shone like the countenance of a priest
of old
Against the flame about a sacrifice
Kindled by fire from heaven; so glad
was he.

A. TENNYSON.



A BENEDICTION

May all go well with you! May life's
short day glide on peaceful and bright,
with no more clouds than may glisten
in the sunshine, no more rain than
may form a rainbow.

RICHTER.



For he, and he only, with wisdom is
blest,
Who, gathering true pleasures
wherever they grow,
Looks up in all places, for joy or for
rest,
To the Fountain whence Time and
Eternity flow.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Insist on reading the great books, on marking the great events of the world. Then the little books may take care of themselves, and the trivial incidents of passing politics and diplomacy may perish with the using.

DEAN STANLEY.



THE GIFT OF SONG

If a pilgrim has been shadowed
By a tree that I have nursed;
If a cup of cold, clear water
I have raised to lips athirst;
If I've planted one sweet flower
By an else too barren way;
If I've whispered in the midnight
One sweet word of day;
If in one poor bleeding bosom
I a woe-swept chord have stilled;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of Heaven have stilled;
If I've made of life's hard battle
One faint heart grow warm and
strong;
Then, my God! I thank Thee—bless
Thee
For the precious gift of song.

ANON.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Do not act as if you had ten thousand years to throw away. Death stands at your elbow. Be good for something, while you live and it is in your power.

M. AURELIUS.



THE VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too;
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul.

J. ARMSTRONG.



Joy is the mainspring in the whole round of everlasting Nature; Joy moves the wheels of the great time-piece of the world; she it is that loosens flowers from their buds, suns from their firmaments, rolling spheres in distant space seen not by the glass of the Astronomer.

SCHILLER.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

God give you many days, and may
your whole life be spotless and pure,
giving beauty through all the changes,
even when the leaf has turned brown
and the fruit has ripened.



Love had he found in huts where
poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods
and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely
hills.

W. WORDSWORTH.



'Tis mine—to boast no joy
Unsobered by such sorrows of my
kind
As sully with their shade my life
that shines.

R. BROWNING.



A good book is the precious life-
blood of a master-spirit, embalmed
and treasured up on purpose to a life
beyond life.

J. MILTON.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

In brief, acquit thee bravely, play the man;
Look not on pleasures as they come,
but go;
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor span
Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

G. HERBERT.



THE JOYS OF READING

I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading: I cannot sit and think. Books think of me.

C. LAMB.



Joy for the promise of our loftier homes!
Joy for the promise of another birth!
For oft oppressive unto pain becomes
The riddle of the earth.

BURBIDGE.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Fight on, thou brave, true heart, and falter not, through dark future, and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be; but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws; co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies; and cannot be conquered.

T. CARLYLE.



So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.

T. CARLYLE.



This lovely world, the hills, the sward,
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them.

J. INGELOW.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Individuals die!—but the amount of Truth they have taught, and the sum of Good they have done, dies not with them.

MAZZINI.



In countless upward-striving waves
The moon-drawn tide-wave strives;
In thousand far-transplanted grafts
The parent fruit survives;
So, in the new-born millions,
The perfect Adam lives.
Not less are summer mornings dear
To every child they wake,
And each with novel life his sphere
Fills for his proper sake.

R. W. EMERSON.



The voice of our whole nature indeed, properly interpreted, is a cry after higher existence. The restless activity of life is but a pressing forward towards a fulness of good not to be found on earth, and indicates our destination for a state more brightly beautiful than we can now conceive.

W. E. CHANNING.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Every kindness done to others in daily walk, every attempt to make others happy, every prejudice overcome, every truth more clearly perceived, every difficulty subdued, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of what is good, is a step nearer the cause of Christ, through which only death can really be a gain to us.

DEAN STANLEY.



Mark how there still has run, enwoven
from above
Thro' thy life's darkest woof, the golden
thread of love.

TRENCH.



TRUE CONTENT

We shall be made truly wise if we be made content; content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content with what we do not understand—the habit of mind which theologians call—and rightly—faith in God.

C. KINGSLEY.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

For life, with all it yields of joy and
woe,
And hope and fear,— . . .
Is just our chance o' the prize of learn-
ing love,
How love might be, hath been, indeed,
and is;
And that we hold thenceforth to the
uttermost
Such prize, despite the envy of the
world,
And, having gained truth, keep truth;
that is all!

R. BROWNING.



Grief may be joy misunderstood.

E. B. BROWNING.



THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP

Who knows the joys of friendship?
The trust, security, and mutual ten-
derness,
The double joys, where each is glad
for both?
Friendship our only wealth, our last
retreat and strength,
Secure against ill-fortune and the
world.

N. ROWE.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Go, speed the stars of Thought
On to their shining goals:
The sower scatters broad his seed,
The wheat thou strew'st be souls.

R. W. EMERSON.



Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie
Unmindful on its flowery strand
Of God's occasions, drifting by.
Better with naked nerve to bear
Than if the lap of sensual ease fore-
go
The Godlike power to do,
The Godlike aim to know.

J. G. WHITTIER.



No small profit that man earns,
Who through all he meets can steer
him,
Can reject what cannot clear him,
Cling to what can truly cheer him;
Who each day more surely learns
That an impulse, from the distance
Of his deepest best existence,
To the words, "Hope, Light, Per-
sistence,"
Strongly sets and truly burns.

M. ARNOLD.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

If thou hast yesterday thy duty done,
And thereby cleared firm footing
for to-day,
Whatever clouds make dark to-mor-
row's sun,
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary
way.

GOETHE.



THE GOSPEL OF WORK

Let no one till his death
Be called unhappy. Measure not the
work
Until the day's out and the labour
done.

E. B. BROWNING.



Is life a field? Then plough it up—
re-sow
With worthier seed. Is life a ship?
Oh, heed
The southing of thy stars. Is life a
breath?
Breathe deeper; draw life up from
hour to hour,
Aye, from deepest deep of thy soul.

J. INGELOW.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Looking back along life's trodden
way,
Gleams and greenness linger on the
track;
Distance metes and mellows all to-day,
Looking back.

Rose and purple and a silvery grey,
Is that cloud the cloud we called so
thick?
Evening harmonises all to-day,
Looking back.

C. ROSSETTI.



LIFE WITHOUT HOPE

Without our hopes, without our fears.
Without our home that plighted love
endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty
won,
Oh! what were man?—a world with-
out a sun.

CAMPBELL.



For each and all, of life
In every phase of action, love, and
joy—
There is fulfilment only otherwhere.

H. H. KING.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

I am the end of love; give love to me.
O thou that sinnest, grace doth more
abound
Than all thy sin! Sit still beneath
my rood,
And count the droppings of my
victim-blood,
And seek none other sound.

E. B. BROWNING



Love took up the harp of life,
And smote on all the chords with
might;
Smote the chord of Self, that trem-
bling
Passed in music out of sight.

A. TENNYSON



THE GENTLE TOUCH OF TIME

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

B. W. PROCTER.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

If only we strive to be pure and true,
To each of us all there will come an
hour
When the tree of life shall burst
into flower,
And rain at our feet the glorious
dower
Of something grander than ever we
knew.



Where love is, there comes sorrow
To-day or else to-morrow;
Endure the mood,
Love only means our good.

C. ROSSETTI.



It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music
mute,
And ever widening, silence all.

A. TENNYSON.



WINNING THE RACE

'Tis the bold who win the race,
Whether for gold, or love, or name;
'Tis the true ones always face
Dangers and trials, and win a place,
A niche in the fane of fame.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Let each man think himself an act of
God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath
of God;
And let each try, by great thoughts
and good deeds,
To show the most of Heaven he hath
in him.

P. J. BAILEY.



I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me.

LORD BYRON.



THE JOY OF THE DEED

Go from the east to the west, as the
sun and the stars direct thee,
Go with the girdle of man, go and
encompass the earth.
Not for the gain of the gold; for the
getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed; but for
the Duty to do.
Go with spiritual life, the higher voli-
tion and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and
encompass the earth.

A. H. CLOUGH.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

How fine has the day been, how bright
 was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that
 he run,
Though he rose in a mist, when his
 race he begun,
And there followed some droppings
 of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to
 the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties
 are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to
 his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.



MUSIC IN THE HEART

There are in the loud stunning tide
 Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
 Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in the heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling
 mart,
Plying their daily task with busier
 feet
Because their secret souls a holy
 strain repeat.

J. KEBLE.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Name not as friends the men who by
you stand
In pleasant times, when peace and
welfare please you;
But him indeed call friend who grasps
your hand
In that dark day when want and
danger seize you.

GEMS FROM POETRY OF THE ORIENT.



In the suburb, in the town,
On the railway, in the square,
Came a beam of goodness down
Doubling daylight everywhere.
Peace now each for malice takes,
Beauty for his sinful weeds;
For the angel Hope aye makes
Him an angel whom she leads.

R. W. EMERSON.



We shall not die nor disappear,
But in these other selves, ourselves
succeed,
Even as ripe flowers pass into their
seed
Only to be renewed from prime to
prime.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Wiser it were to welcome and make
ours

Whate'er of good, though small, the
Present brings,—

Kind greetings, sunshine, song of
birds, and flowers,

With a child's pure delight in little
things.

R. C. TRENCH.



QUIET THOUGHTS

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of
content;

The quiet mind is richer than a
crown;

Sweet are the nights in careless slum-
ber spent;

The poor estate scorns fortune's
angry frown;

Such sweet content, such minds, such
sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do
miss.

R. GREENE.



Oh Life! Life-breath!

Life-blood!—Ere sleep, come travail
—Life ere Death!

R. BROWNING.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

And yet, as angels in some brighter
dreams
Call to the soul when man doth
sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend
our wonted dreams,
And into glory peep.

H. VAUGHAN.



MAKING HEAVEN ON EARTH

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty;
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.

J. MONTGOMERY.



Tell them, dear, that if eyes were
made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for
being:
Why thou wert there,
I never thought to ask, I never
knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought
me there, brought you.

R. W. EMERSON.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

I bring fresh showers from the thirsty flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

P. B. SHELLEY.



THE RACE OF LIFE

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

A. COWLEY.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Strike and struggle; ever strive,
Labour with hand, and heart, and
brain.

Work doth more than genius give;
He who faithfully toils doth live;
'Tis labour that doth reign.



To do duty which the hour brings,
Whether it be in great or smaller
things,
For who doth know
What he shall do the coming day?



From this fair point of present bliss
Where we together stand,
Let me look back once more and
trace
That long and desert land,
Wherein till now was cast my lot,—
and I
Could live, and thou were not.

What had I then? a Hope that grew
Each hour more bright and dear,—
The flush upon the eastern skies,
That showed the sun was near:
Now night has faded far away, my
Sun has risen, and it is day!

A. A. PROCTER.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will
keep

A bower of quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health,
and quiet breathing.

KEATS.



LIVE IN THE SUNSHINE

Now the heart is so full that a drop
o'erfills it.

Now we are happy because God wills
it.

We sit in the warm shade and see
right well

How the sap creeps up and the blos-
soms swell;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot
help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is
growing.

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be
true,

As for grass to be green and skies to
be blue,

'Tis the natural way of living.

J. R. LOWELL.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Never wait for post mortem praise.
Speak the kind words which love
prompts, and remember that words of
loving kindness are the best possible
tonic which can be given, even to the
happiest of mortals.

K. T. WOODS.



A RANDOM THOUGHT

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong
in being true:
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo!
 its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a moni-
 tory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great;
 a watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown, and
 cheers the valley still!

C. MACKAY.



Eternal hope! when yonder spheres
 sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the
 march of time,
Thy joyous youth began.

CAMPBELL.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

For love, and beauty, and delight;
There is no death, nor change; their
 might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

P. B. SHELLEY.



Before we can bring happiness to
others we must first be happy our-
selves, nor will happiness abide unless
we confer it on others.



He who hath watched, not shared the
 strife
Knows how the day hath gone.
He only lives with the world's life,
 Who hath renounced his own.

M. ARNOLD.



There is a comfort in the strength
 of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which
 else
Would overset the brain, or break
 the heart.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

A. TENNYSON.



All souls that struggle and aspire
All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
On dusty tribes and twilight centuries sit.

J. G. WHITTIER.



The simplest way to secure happiness
is to see that those around you are happy.

G. K. CHESTERTON.



There's not a crime
But takes its proper change out still
in crime,
If once rung on the counters of the world:
Let sinners look to it.

E. B. BROWNING.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

We sow the glebe, we reap the corn,
We build the house where we may
rest,
And then, at moments, suddenly
We look up to the great wide sky,
Inquiring wherefore we were born,
For earnest or for jest.

MRS. BROWNING.



WHEN SUMMER COMES

When summer comes on golden
wings,
And all the world on music rings,
When flowers waken from their sleep,
And dolphins sport within the deep,
When silver stars like jewels shine,
'Tis then that love seems most divine.

H. GARDNER.



Friend, in this world of worry, and
work, and sudden end,
If a thought comes quick of doing a
kindness to a friend,
Do it that blessed minute, don't put it
off, don't wait,
What's the use of doing a kindness,
if you do it a day too late?

GORDON LEAGUE BALLADS.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

I will accept thy will to do and be
Thy hatred and intolerance of sin,
Thy will at least to love, that burns
within,
And thirsteth after me:
So will I render fruitful blessing still,
The germs and small beginnings in
thy heart,
Because thy will cleaves to the
better part—
Alas, I cannot will.

C. ROSSETTI.



The pleasure of life is according to
the man who lives it, not according
to the time or place.

R. W. EMERSON.



A hundred thousand birds salute the
day . . .
Whose innocent warblings yet might
make us wise,
Would we but follow when they bid
us rise,
Would we but set their notes of
praise to words,
And launch our hearts up with them
to the skies.

C. ROSSETTI.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

The "whole creation" suffers;
There are sorrows you've never
known;
There's many a heart that lives apart,
And carries its load alone.
Discouragement's ways are crowded;
There's bitterness far and near;
But room and scope for the souls that
hope,
For courage and strength and cheer.

M. E. ALLBRIGHT.



We look before and after
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that
tell of saddest thought.

P. B. SHELLEY.



Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain;
In sorrow, sweetest things will grow
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have
done.

M. F. BUTTS.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

New occasions teach new duties; time
 makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
 who would keep abreast of truth.
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires!
 we ourselves must pilgrims be;
Launch our Mayflower, and steer
 boldly through the desperate win-
 ter's sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal with
 the past's blood-rusted key.

A. TENNYSON.



It is better to follow even the shadow
of the best than to remain content
with the worst.

H. VAN DYCK.



It is enough just to be good,
To lift our hearts where they are
 understood.
To let the thought of worldly power
 and place go unappeased,
To smile back in God's face,
With the glad lips our mother used
 to kiss.
Ah, though we miss all else but this,—
To be good is enough.

J. W. RILEY.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Not what we have, but what we use,
Not what we see, but what we
choose—

These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar.
Not what we have seen, but what we
are;

These are the things that make or
break,

That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not as we take, but as we give,

Not as we pray, but as we live;

These are the things that make for
peace

Both now and after time shall cease.

C. VERNEY.



Oh! Thou whom Heav'n has blest
with wealth,

And all contents that spring from
health,

Give, as thou hast received—assured
That He, who fiercest pangs endured
For suffering humanity,

Will render back thy gift to thee!

ANON.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Good, once put in action or in thought,
Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down
The ripe germs of a forest.

J. R. LOWELL.



I AM HAPPY NOW

One looks behind him to some vanished time,
And says, "Ah, I was happy then, alack!
I did not know it was my life's best prime—
Oh, if I could go back!"

Another looks, with eager eyes aglow,
To some glad day of joy that yet will dawn,
And sighs, "I shall be happy then,
I know.
Oh, let me hurry on."

But I—I look out on my fair To-day;
I clasp it close, and kiss its radiant brow.
Here with the perfect present let me stay,
For I am happy now!

E. W. WILCOX.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

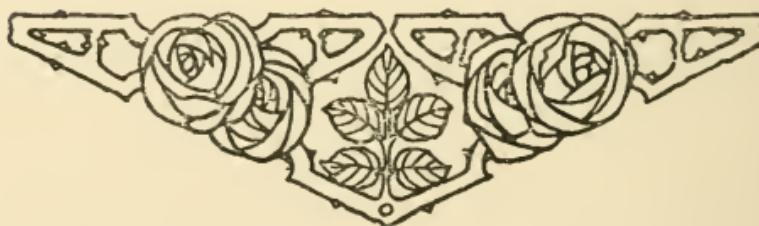
All rests with those who read, a work
or thought
Is what makes it to himself, and may
Be full of great dark meanings, like
the sea,
With shoals of life rushing.

P. J. BAILEY.



THE CROWN OF THE HEART

My crown is in my heart, not on my
head,
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian
stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is called
Content:
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.





The Gift of a Rich Thought

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

If one looks on the bright side,
It is sure to be the right side;
At least, that's how I've found it
As I've journeyed through each day;
And its queer how shadows vanish,
And how easy 'tis to banish
From a bright side out of nature
Every doleful thing away.

M. D. BIRNE.

THE LILIES OF THE MIND

Mine be the love that in itself can find
Seed of white thoughts, the lilies of
the mind,
Seed of that glad surrender of the will
Which finds in service self's true pur-
pose still.

J. R. LOWELL.

LIFE'S AUDIT

Life is a count of losses
 Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses
 Every year;
Lost Spring, with sobs relying,
Unto weary Autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying
 Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
 Every year;
And its Morning Star climbs higher
 Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burthen lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
 Every year.

A. PIKE.



There is no day born but comes like
a chime of music into the world, and
sings itself all the way through.

H. W. BEECHER.



The cross is the stumbling-block
against which the waves of eternal
love broke into the silver spray of
speech.

J. PARKER.

CHARACTER BUILDING

Each is building his own world. We both build from within and we attract from without. Thought is the force with which we build, for thoughts are forces. Like builds like, and like attracts like. In the degree that thought is spiritualised does it become more subtle and powerful in its working.

R. W. TRINE.



The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Are scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

W. WORDSWORTH.



The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth, as that proudest palaces have cause to envy the gilding.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

THE LESSON OF THE WATERMILL

Listen to the Watermill, all the live-long day;
How the creaking of the wheel wears the hours away.
Languidly the water glides, useless on and still;
Never coming back again to that Watermill.
And the proverb haunts my mind, like a spell that's cast—
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

Take the lesson to yourselves, loving hearts and true;
Golden years are fleeting by, youth is fleeting too.
Try to make the most of life, lose no honest way;
Time will never bring again chances passed away.
Leave no tender word unsaid, love while life shall last—
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill.

Wait not till to-morrow's sun beams
upon your way,
All that you can call your own lies in
this, To-day.
Power, intellect, and strength, may
not, cannot last—
The mill will never grind with the
water that has passed.

Oh! the wasted hours of life that have
drifted by—
Oh! the good we might have done,
lost without a sigh.
Love that we might once have saved
with but a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never pen-
ned, perishing unheard.
Take this lesson to your heart, take,
oh! hold it fast—
The mill will never grind with the
water that has passed.

S. DOUDNEY.



Beware of hardening thy conscience
by frequent heating and cooling.



Conscience warns us as a friend
before it punishes us as a judge.

STANISLAUS.

THE SHELTER OF FRIENDSHIP

What is the best a friend can be
To any soul, to you or me?
Not only shelter, comfort, rest—
Inmost refreshment unexpressed;
Not only a belovèd guide
To tread life's labyrinth at our side,
Or with love's touch lead on before:
Though these be much, there yet is
more.

Can friend lose friend? Believe it not!
The tissue whereof life is wrought,
Weaving the separate into one,
Nor end hath, nor beginning; spun
From subtle threads of destiny,
Finer than thought of man can see;
God takes not back His gifts divine;
While thy soul lives, thy friend is
thine.

L. LARCOM.



We make the light through which we
see
The light, and make the dark;
To hear the larks sing, we must be
At heaven's gate with the lark.

A. CARY.

GOD'S GIFTS

I used to think that God's gifts were on shelves one above the other, and that the taller we grew in Christian character the easier we should reach them. I find now that God's gifts are on shelves one beneath the other, and that it is not a question of growing taller, but of stooping lower, and that we have to go down to get His best gifts.

F. B. MEYER.



Life is a sheet of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes
night.

J. R. LOWELL.



Father Time is not always a hard parent, and, though he tarries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well; making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young and in full vigour.

C. DICKENS.

THE PATIENCE OF LIFE

All is to pass through, all is to prove—
The patience of life, and the im-
pulse of death,
Ere love be made perfect in love—
Then, what heights unexplored in
thee!
What depths undivined in me!
What vague half-powers
In these souls of ours,
Combined and completed to be!
What knowledge to know!
What treasures to show!
What secrets unseal'd!

LORD LYTTON.



Do thy day's work, dare refuse no
help thereto,
Since help refused is hindrance sought
and found;
Wherever's will to do, there's plenty
to be done.

R. BROWNING.



The only preparation for the morrow
is the right use of to-day. The
morrow comes for nought, if to-day is
not heeded.

BOWEN.

LIFE'S OUTLOOK

Life is before you, from the well-trod road
You cannot turn; then take ye up the load,
Not your's to tread or leave the unknown way;
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.
Gird up your soul within you to the deed,
Angels and fellow-spirits bid you speed.

BUTLER.



O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word
Thy Love to tell, Thy Power to show.



Life affords but few opportunities of doing great services for others; but there is scarcely an hour of the day that does not afford us an opportunity of performing some little, it may be unnoticed kindness.

BOWEN.

SYMBOLS AND SIGHT

The blindest faith may haply save;
The Lord accepts the things we have;
And reverence, howsoe'er it strays,
May find at last the shining ways.

They needs must grope who cannot
see,

The blade before the ear must be;
The outward symbols disappear
From him whose inward sight is clear.

J. G. WHITTIER.

▲

There is no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours,
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.

G. MASSEY.

▲

Men and women make their own
beauty or their own ugliness, and are
good-looking or the reverse as life
has been good or evil. On our fea-
tures the fine chisels of thought and
emotion are eternally at work. Beauty
is not the monopoly of blooming
young men and of white and pink
maids; there is a slow-growing beauty
which only comes to perfection in old
age.

A. SMITH.

NATURE'S LESSON

What is it we look for in the landscape, in sunsets and sunrises, in the sea and the firmament? What but a compensation for the cramp and pettiness of human performances? We bask in the day, and the mind finds somewhat as great as itself. In Nature all is large, massive, repose.



For so it falls out,
That what we have we prize not,
 to the worth,
While we enjoy it; but, being backed
 and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then
 we find
The virtue, that possession would not
 show us
While it was ours.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



Even virtue is no longer such if it be stagnant. A man's life should be as ever-fresh as the river: the same channel, but a new water flowing every instant.

THOREAU.

FULFILMENT OF LIFE

There is no joy—there is no beauty—there is no glory of living or acting—no supreme moment you can picture in your dreams, that is not in your life as God sees it—stirring on the intuition you have of it now—waiting for you in the glorious fulfilment that shall be thine.

A. WHITNEY.



GOD'S GOODNESS

For us the winds do blow:
The earth doth rest, heaven move,
and fountain flow.
Nothing we are, but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cupboard of
food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

G. HERBERT.



Life is God's first gift, and His greatest, for on this all other things depend, and whatever else may be in store for us God begins all His dealings with us by a supreme gift.

J. M. GIBBON.

ANSWERED PRAYER

God usually answers our prayers according rather to the measure of His own magnificence than to that of our asking, so that we often do not know His boons to be those for which we besought Him.



Each good thought and action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.

J. G. WHITTIER.



There is no sweeter repose than that which is bought with labour.

CHAMFORT.



Despise not little things. God hides His majestic oaks in small acorns, and the glowing wealth of a harvest-field in a handful of tiny seed.



Who talks of "a common friendship?" There is no such thing in the world! On earth no word is more sublime.

H. DRUMMOND.

A WISE MAN'S PART

Onward, while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right—
While oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might;
While an error clouds the reason,
Or a sorrow gnaws the heart,
Or a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part!



A TRUE SONG

'Tis not the greatest singer
Who tries the loftiest themes,
He is the true joy-bringer
Who tells his own soul's dreams.
He is the greatest poet
Who, thinking not of Art,
Just takes his heart to show it
To every other heart;
Who writes no learnèd riddle,
Evolves no mystic rune,
But—heart-strings for a fiddle—
Just plays his soul's life-tune.

J. FOSS.



The finest of all the fine arts is the art of doing good, and yet it is the least cultivated.

TALMAGE.

TRUE PROGRESS

If our plans are not for Time, but for Eternity, our knowledge, and therefore our love, to God and to each other, will progress for ever.

C. KINGSLEY.



Many have fallen by the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue.



It is better to be defeated in the right, than to be victorious in the wrong.

GARFIELD.



Contentment does not depend on what we have, but upon what we are.



There is no safer place than the path of duty, even when it seems surrounded by perils.



What you do not understand, with submission wait for; and what you do understand, hold fast with charity.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

THE RENEWAL OF YOUTH

So long as a man is capable of self-renewal he is a living being. If we are to remain among the living there must be a perpetual renewal of youth within us, brought about by inward change and love.

AMIEL.



One ought to talk only as loud as he lives.



Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence;
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around, in all that's done,
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

W. COWPER.



A larkspur cannot lecture on the nature of a snowflake—it never saw a snowflake; and those people who have always lived in the summer of prosperity cannot talk to those who are frozen in disaster.

TALMAGE.

THE SOUL IN MAN

All goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect and the will, but the master of the intellect and the will.



LOVE

Love is the golden law,
Sunnily dear:
Justice, the silver law,
Cold, calm, and clear:
Anger, the iron law,
Harshly severe.

Anger's an iron lance,
Mighty to slay;
Justice, a silver scale,
Faultless alway;
Love is a golden ring,
Joining for aye!

A. R. WELLS.



Make Truth lovely, and do not try to arm her; mankind will then be far less inclined to contend with her.

STEPPING STONES

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered by good and gain,
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

J. G. HOLLAND.



The men that move the world are the ones who do not let the world move them.

PRAYER

So thick do Heaven's mercies fly that the arrow of prayer can never be shot aright without bringing down some blessing. If it bring not that which we seek, it shall bring us that which we need.

M. G. PEARSE.



High o'er the eastern steep the sun
is beaming,
And darkness flies with her deceitful
shadows;
So truth prevails o'er falsehood.

SIR W. SCOTT.



Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to
frown;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While youth's roses are thy crown.

W. WORDSWORTH.



Usefulness is the rent we are asked to
pay for room on earth.



Obstacles to the determined are the
surest stepping-stones to success.

TEMPUS FUGIT

Up, up, my soul, the long-spent time
redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deeds
and thought;
Light other lamps while yet thy lamp
is beaming—
The time is short.

Think of the good thou might'st have
done, when brightly
The suns to thee life's choicest sea-
son brought;
Hours lost to God in pleasure passing
lightly—
The time is short.

If thou hast friends, give them thy
best endeavour,
Thy warmest impulse, and thy
purest thought,
Keeping in mind and word and action
ever—
The time is short.

E. PRENTISS.



By some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.

LYTTELTON.

A NOBLE LIVING

He is a sterling nobleman who lives
the truth he knows,
Who dreads the slavery of sin, and
fears no other foes;
Who scorns the folly of pretence,
whose mind from cant is free,
Who values men for worth and
sense, and hates hypocrisy;
Who glows with love that's free from
taint, whose heart is kind and
brave,
Who feels that he was neither meant
for tyrant nor for slave;
Who loves the ground where'er he
roam that's trod by human feet,
And strives to make the world a home
where peace and justice meet.
To duty firm, to conscience true, how-
ever tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we
do, if we but do our best.



No small profit that man earns,
Who through all he meets can steer
him,
Can reject what cannot clear him,
Cling to what can truly cheer him.

M. ARNOLD.

THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS

I can but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the duty of happiness as well as on the happiness of duty; for we ought to be as bright and genial as we can, if only because to be cheerful ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.

LORD AVEBURY.



What good gift here, my brothers,
but it came
From search and strife and loving
sacrifice.

SIR E. ARNOLD.



True prayer is an earnest soul's direct converse with its God.

T. L. CUYLER.



All the love and joy that a man has ever received in perception is laid up in him as the sunshine of a hundred years is laid up in the bole of the oak.

THE ART OF POETRY

Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near,
Some love the dark, some choose the
clearest light,
And boldly challenge the most pierc-
ing eye,
Some please for once, some will for
ever please.

HORACE.



Great things are done by learning not
to slight little ones.



The healing of the world
Is in its nameless saints. Each separ-
ate star
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered
stars
Break up the night, and make it beau-
tiful.

B. TAYLOR.



Whatever we would do if we had
the power is what God gives us the
credit for doing.

WOMAN

Every virtue of the higher phases of many characters begins in this—in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens; in truth and pity, or truth and reverence to all womanhood.

J. RUSKIN.



The greatest of conquests is self-conquest.

J. H. JOWETT.



All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly grows faithless and fearful;
Courage for ever is happy and wise.

M. TUPPER.



Marble and granite are perishable monuments, and their inscriptions may be seldom read. Carve your names on human hearts; they alone are immortal!

T. L. CUYLER.

A MIRACLE

What is thy thought? There is no
miracle?
There is a great one, which thou has
not read,
And never shall escape. Thyself, O,
Man,
Thou art the miracle; aye, thou, thy-
self,
Being in the world, and of the world,
thyself
Hast breathed in breath from Him
that made the world;
Thou art thy Father's copy of Him-
self,
Thou art thy Father's miracle.

J. INGELOW.



Never assume that the motive of your
antagonist is one whit less disinter-
ested than your own.



I never blame a man for using
crutches, but I do blame him when
he wants me to believe that they are
living legs. Why not be just what
we are?

THE INFINITE

Nature everywhere testifies to the Infinity of its Author. It bears throughout the impress of the Infinite. It proclaims a Perfection illimitable, unsearchable, transcending all thought and utterance. It is modelled, and moulded, as a whole, and in its least molecule, with grandeur, unfathomable intelligence, and inexhaustible beauty.

W. E. CHANNING.



The past is thine no more,
To strive for or amend;
The future, all unknown,
May prove a veiled friend.



Love not only delights in giving, but in the sacrifice which giving involves.



I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of the heart and life; that the world is a very beautiful place; that congenial labour is the secret of success.

A. F. BENSON.

SCANDAL

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak, three gates of
gold—

Three narrow gates—first, Is it true?
Then, Is it needful? And the next
Is last and narrowest, Is it kind?
And if it reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways
three;

Then you may tell the tale; nor fear
What the result of speech may be.



HOME

Where we love is home:
Home—that our feet may leave, but
not our hearts.

O. W. HOLMES.



How can a man learn to know him-
self? By observation, never; but by
action. Endeavour to do thy duty,
and thou shalt then know what is
within thee.

GOETHE.

THE THINGS BEYOND

To-morrow you have no business with. You steal if you touch to-morrow. It is God's. Every day has in it enough to keep any man occupied without concerning himself with the things beyond.

H. W. BEECHER.



By medicine life may be prolong'd,
yet death
Will seize the doctor too.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



The fairest flowers spring from the
blackest soil.



God never hurries, but He always
arrives.



THE GENTLE SHOWER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE SILENT TIDE

The noisy waves are failures, but the great silent tide is a success. Do you know what it is to be failing every day, and yet to be sure that your life is, as a whole, in its great movement and meaning, not failing, but succeeding?

P. BROOKS.



He that hath light within his own
clear breast
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright
day;
But he that hath a dark soul and foul
thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day
sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

J. MILTON.



Try to be honest, you will believe in honesty; pure, and you will believe in purity; sincere, and you will no longer doubt the sincerity of others; benevolent, and you will be amazed to discover how many kind people there are in the world.

C. WAGNER.

DO RIGHT AND—

Let us do right, and then whether happiness comes or unhappiness is no very weighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter—bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne. The well-being of our souls depends only on what we are; and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good and steady scorn of evil.

J. A. FROUDE.

◆◆

A SOLILOQUY

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of, win.

What matter I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said,
And life the sweeter made?

J. G. WHITTIER.

◆◆

Hold on to your character, for it is
and ever will be your best wealth.

FORGET AND FORGIVE

O man, forgive thy mortal foe,
Nor ever strike him blow for blow;
For all the souls on earth that live,
To be forgiven, must forgive.
Forgive him seventy times and seven;
For all the blessed souls in Heaven
Are both forgivers and forgiven.

A. TENNYSON.



Keep on sowing—

God will cause the seed to grow
Faster than your knowing.

Nothing e'er is sown in vain.
If, His voice obeying,

You look upward for the rain,
And falter not in praying.

Keep on praying—

In the brightest, darkest day,
Still His voice obeying:

Never from the gates of prayer
Turn with doubting sorrow,

For the One who standeth there
May answer you to-morrow.



A dewdrop does the will of God as
much as a thunderstorm.

THE HEREAFTER

This is but the nursery ground from which we are to be transplanted into the great forest of God's eternal universe.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



Sunshine fills the heart of the guilty with dread, but of the innocent with laughter.

A. WILSHIRE.



Imagination is but another name for Reason in her most exalted mood.



God's tender mercy and His tender love and care are over all His works. "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!" Do not despise that crawling creature, that humblest insect of a day. Do not despise the wayside flower—no philosopher can make the like of it. A blade of grass is a miracle, and we stand amazed at its mechanism.

POETRY

Poetry is the mother tongue of the human race; as gardening is older than agriculture, painting older than writing, singing older than declamation, comparisons older than conclusions, cheating older than trade. The senses and passions speak and understand nothing but figures. In figures consists the whole treasure of human knowledge and happiness.

HAMANN.



God, Who's in Heav'n, will hear from
thence,
If not to th' sound, yet to the sense.

HERRICK.



There is scarce any thoughtful man or woman, I suppose, but can look back upon his course of past life, and remember some point, trifling as it may have seemed at the time of the occurrence, which has, nevertheless, turned and altered his whole career.

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE SUNSHINE IN LIFE

Let us serve God in the sunshine while He makes the sun shine. We shall then serve Him all the better in the dark when He sends the darkness. The darkness is sure to come. Only let our light be God's light, and our darkness God's darkness, and we shall be safe at home when the great nightfall comes.

F. W. FABER.



SO MUCH TO—

So much to do, that is not e'en begun,
So much to hope for that we cannot
see,
So much to win, so many things to be.

L. MORRIS.



The large use of common opportunities is better than the common use of large opportunities.



Earth's truest noblemen are those whose every action is prompted by pure motives, and whose lives are permeated with prayer.

TWO PATHS

Two paths be open for each life:
One leads through danger, toil, and
strife,

 But upward goes
To shining heights, whose rising sun,
When once the lofty steep is won,
 No setting knows.

The other path, vine-clad and green,
Scarce lets its gentle slope be seen,
 But downward goes
To depths unknown, whose setting
 sun,
In baleful shadows, dark and dim,
 No rising knows.

E. L. B.



SELF-DENIAL

If self be denied for the good of
others, we receive immeasurably more
than we bestow.



Everything that is mine, even to my
life, I may give to one I love; but the
secret of my friend is not mine to
give.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

WHICH WERE YOU?

I met an acquaintance one sunny
day—
And the world seemed suddenly
dreary and grey!
I met with another ere day was o'er—
And the world seemed brighter than
ever before!

G. A. STEEL.



Good-night! Good-night!
Far flies the light;
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright,
Good-night! Good-night!

V. HUGO.



MY FATHER

My child woke crying from her sleep,
I bended o'er her bed,
And soothed her till, in slumber deep,
She from the darkness fled.

And as beside my child I stood,
A still voice said to me—
“Even thus thy Father, strong and
good,
Is bending over thee.”

G. MACDONALD.

QUIET WORK

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of
thee,
One lesson, which in every wind is
blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at
one,
Though the loud world proclaim their
enmity.

Of toil, unsever'd from tranquility!
Of labour, that in lasting fruit out-
grows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd
in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for
rivalry!

Yes, while on earth a thousand dis-
cords ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his
toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move
on,

Their glorious tasks in silence per-
fecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain
turmoil,
Labourers that shall not fail, when
man is gone.

M. ARNOLD.

LASTING FRIENDSHIP

This matter of friendship is often regarded slightly as a mere accessory of life, a happy chance if one falls into it, but not as entering into the substance of life. No mistake can be greater. It is not, as Emerson says, a thing of "glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know."

T. T. MUNGER.



Sorrow touched by Thee grows
bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.



Whether each day of your life shall
give happiness or suffering rests with
yourself.

G. S. MERRIAM.



Shun idleness. It is the rust that
attaches itself to the most brilliant
metals.

VOLTAIRE.

DETERMINATION OF CHARACTER

Things that are worth the winning
Must ever at cost be won;
A feeble wish can accomplish naught,
And see no great thing done;
They that are wise press onward,
They who are strong ascend;
So be not stilled by a great defeat,
But begin again, my friend.

M. FARNINGHAM.



Into the future,
That unknown land,
Fearless, then venture,
Holding God's hand;
Trusting His promise,
Waiting His will,
Kept by His power,
Peaceful and still.



We owe the greatest gratitude to those
who tell us the truth.



Beware of thy two special enemies—
The devil, and thyself.

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

FINDING OUR WAY

The thoughts we have are the paths
we make,
The deeds we do are the steps we
take;
We are going on while standing still,
If standing there be Heaven's will.

By losing self we find our way,
By seeking peace we go astray;
The narrow way is in kindness trod,
Who stoops to serve goes up to God.

C. D. WILSON.



Let come what will come,
God's will is well come.



Sweet friends,
Man's love ascends
To finer and diviner ends
Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends.

S. LANIER.



Nobleness of character is nothing but,
in thought and word and deed, steady
love of good, and steady scorn of evil.

J. A. FROUDE.

HEED YOUR WAYS

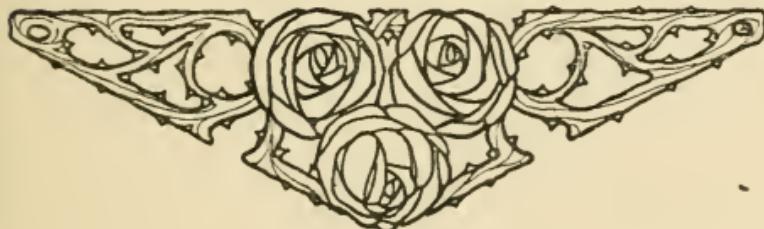
To-day, for God, what hast thou
done?

I ask thee, restless mind!
Should'st thou soar upward to the
sun,

Yet peace thou could'st not find!
O, hast thou wasted all thy powers
Upon this fleeting earth?
Or cast away the precious hours,
Unmindful of their worth?



A man ought to be the same to his
friend as he would be to himself. A
friend is himself in another person.



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I expect to pass.....
through this world but
once. Any good there-
fore that I can do -
or any kindness that
I can show to any ""
fellow creature let
me do it now. Let ""
me not defer or
neglect it for I ...
shall not pass this
way again.

Stephen Grellet.

